

Old Home Week Number

Life



Main Street

PRICE 15 CENTS



AN ACCOUNTING AND A PLEDGE

Cadillac keeps young and vigorous and virile because it is continuously refreshed and inspired by the sympathetic interest of a million friends.

It renews its youth every day upon the generous approval of tens of thousands of owners and their families who take the time and the trouble to express their friendship for Cadillac—and their faith in its unremitting zeal to serve.

Cadillac is gloriously young after twenty-three years of adherence to the one ambition of remaining the Standard of the World—after ten years of dedication to the task of outstripping the world in the furtherance of the eight-cylinder principle.

It is splendidly young in spite of the fact that its traditions are old—or rather because of the fact that those traditions are so fine and high that they make every working day a new day of increasing zest and inspiration.

It has been said, and it is true, that even if the impossible should happen and the directing heads of Cadillac should wish to deviate by a hair's breadth from the ideals which have dominated Cadillac all these years—they would not be permitted to do so.

They would not be permitted to do so because the great group of masterworkmen who are steeped in the spirit of surpassing excellence would go on serenely as before—or throw down their tools if asked to do anything less than the Cadillac best.

Cadillac is subjected to a pressure from within and from without to excel itself—the pressure of public expectation and the pressure of honest craftsmanship which can work no way other than the Cadillac way.

What is said here is in the nature of an accounting from Cadillac—a re-dedication to high service published at this

moment because of the advent of a new, young, and powerful, executive leadership.

The pledge is from him—and through him, from the solid phalanx of Cadillac executives and workmen who consider themselves servants of the most loyal public any industrial institution has ever enjoyed.

Great things are always under way for Cadillac and Cadillac owners—not merely a maintenance of the high endeavors of the past but a constant striving after things never yet attained.

To every Cadillac owner of record the executive head of Cadillac will endeavor at the earliest moment to send a personal pledge of the future.

Meanwhile, because you and a million others count upon it—be certain that Cadillac will never fail to realize your highest hopes.



Division of General Motors Corporation

S P O N S O R E D B Y H A R G R A F T



Since 1860: Leeds, England



FREE, on request
—a catalog show-
ing the 72 shapes
of Ben Wade pipes
in actual size.

The Table Is Set For a MAN'S PARTY!

A threesome of Ben Wade pipes to choose from, Ben Wade tobacco so mellow and fragrant, something tinkling in a tall glass, a book that grips—that's a man's party for you.

But no matter how gripping the book you'll never let your pipe go out in this case—because the smoking's too good to let go of.

Ben Wade pipes aren't like other pipes—they're sweet and old from the first

day on; no bitter, biting "breaking in."

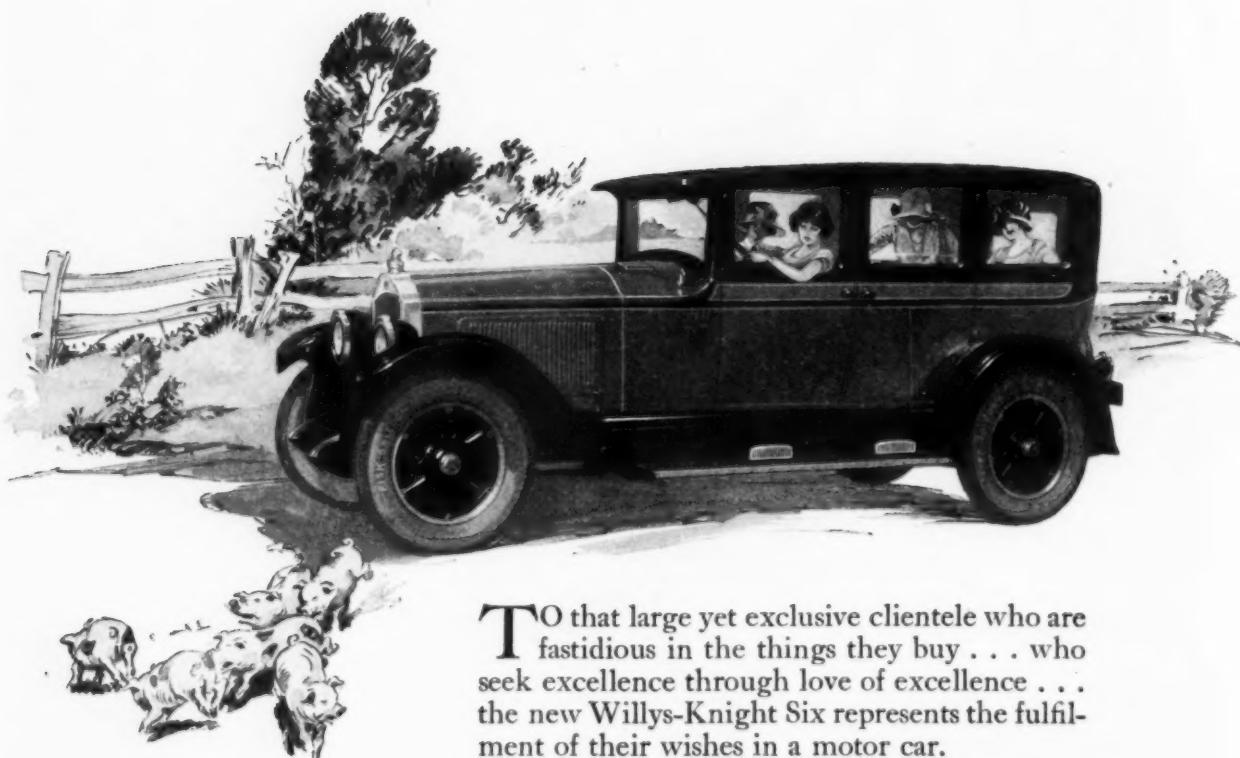
And Ben Wade tobacco isn't like other tobacco. The finest Virginia tobaccos and the blending knowledge of four generations combine to create six smoking mixtures of rare flavor and aroma.

Try this peerless pair. Ask your nearest tobacconist. If he cannot supply you, just write to Hargraft & Sons



Brilliantly conceived, beautifully designed,
superbly engineered and regally luxurious

*-- Performing as six cylinders haven't
been known to perform -- "The smoothest
thing on wheels" ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦*



TO that large yet exclusive clientele who are fastidious in the things they buy . . . who seek excellence through love of excellence . . . the new Willys-Knight Six represents the fulfillment of their wishes in a motor car.

Its performance is unforgettable . . . a 60 horsepower engine with silent sleeve-valves requiring no valve-grinding or carbon-cleaning . . . a fine six-cylinder engine that infallibly improves with use . . . smoother, quieter, more powerful at 25,000 miles than at 10,000 miles . . . and even better at 50,000 miles than at 25,000 miles!

Two new inventions are built into this fine car's engine. An air-filter on the carburetor prevents dust, grit or sand from getting inside the engine. An oil rectifier reduces crankcase dilution and insures good engine oil at all times.

Willys-Knight 6-Cylinder Models:

Touring	-	-	\$1845
Roadster	-	-	\$1845
Coupe-Sedan	-	-	\$2145
Brougham	-	-	\$2295
4-Passenger Coupe	-	-	\$2345
Sedan	-	-	\$2495

All prices f. o. b. Toledo

WILLYS - OVERLAND
FINE • MOTOR • CARS

Willys-Overland, Inc., Toledo, Ohio
Willys-Overland Sales Co. Ltd., Toronto, Canada

The New **WILLYS-KNIGHT**
with Six Cylinders

FOR THOSE WHO WANT THE FINEST

Our House of Dreams

(After Reading the Home-Beautiful Magazines)

WE have decided on an English cottage in pure Colonial style with half-timbering and a two-story pillared porch. The house must face the east, and the living-room, dining-room, sun-room, library and all bedrooms are to have southern exposure. Construction will be fireproof throughout, with wide clapboards and cypress shingles, the stucco rough-cast to harmonize with the irregular slate roof. There must be leaded casements with broad plate-glass panes, and white sashes with green blinds.

The kitchen will be Dutch-tiled, with the most modern equipment, and will duplicate exactly the kitchen of an old Long Island farmhouse. The spotless white bathrooms are to be decorated in the fashionable bright flat colors. The roof line must be low, with a big attic, and the first floor will be at ground level, with a light, airy basement. The

Life

whole atmosphere of the house will be intimate and homey, with a great hall and musicians' balcony. The furnishings can be decided on later, as long as there are plenty of niches for ship models.

Richard L. Greene.

In Reverse

SHE: He says he has had his car for three years and hasn't been in a wreck.

HE: He means he has been in that wreck for three years and hasn't had a car

An Accident

I GOT an awful shock the other day when I telephoned during a thunderstorm. I was almost knocked over."

"You mean, you got your party?"

Old Home Week

THEY'VE torn the old red school-house down,

The place we loved so well,
And on its site they're building, Tom,
A modern new hotel.

I walked across the village green
Where once we romped as boys;
You wouldn't know the old place, Tom,
With all its din and noise.

They've trolley cars and taxis, Tom,
A big department store;
They've paved the quaint old rustic lanes
We knew in days of yore.

Ah, Tom, old friend, we're growing old—

With tears my eyes are wet;
Perhaps they'll make that dump a place
That's fit to live in yet.

Newman Levy.

The Test

HE: I fell in love with you the first time I saw you.

SHE: What was I wearing?



BEFORE THE FAMILY CONFERENCE

Wise Young Son (to divorce lawyer): OF COURSE YOU'LL DO THE BEST YOU CAN FOR MOTHER; SHE'S O. K. AS FOR FATHER—WELL, I NEVER WAS SOLD ON THAT BIRD.

LIFE

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on the same Saturday night; the operator's sign, "Just a Moment, Please"; Arthur Johnson and his Prince Albert coat; John Bunny and Flora Finch; "The Million Dollar Mystery"; Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew; Charles Chaplin in a bakeshop; "Ham and Bud"; the mechanical piano at the entrance; the ministers' crusade for lights in the auditoriums; the fellow who knew a fellow who had seen "The Birth of a Nation."

McC. H.

The Old Home Town Reunion

FIRST OLD TIMER:

Well, well, well! If it isn't—if it isn't the old boy himself! Say, you haven't changed a bit. How's everything?

SECOND OLD TIMER: Well, I certainly *am* tickled, seeing you here! By me everything's fine. How's it by you? You look same as ever.

F. O. T.: By me everything's fine, too. Hardware business.

S. O. T.: No!! Well, well, well, hardware, eh? Me, it's linoleum.

F. O. T.: Linoleum!! Well, I will be hanged! Say, that's *great*! Linoleum, eh?...Say, who you think I was just talking to? Marie McCarthy. She's Marie Kennedy now. Married, you see. Lives out in Findlay, Ohio.

S. O. T.: Marie? Well, I'll be...

Say, she and I were crazy about each other once. Had the nicest yellow hair.

F. O. T.: No, you got her mixed up. Marie's dark.

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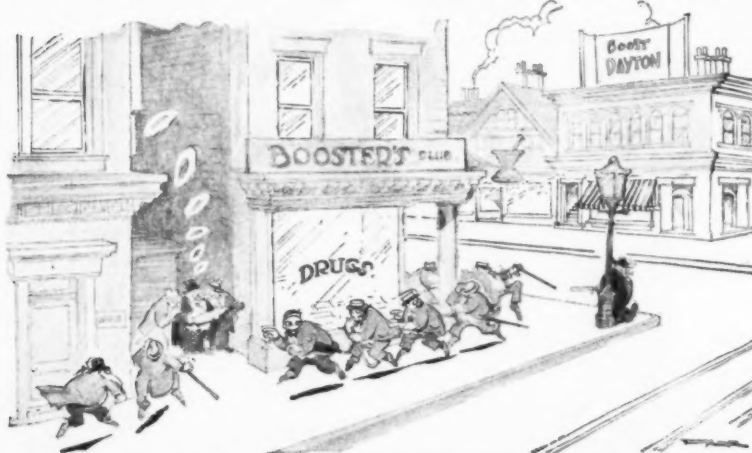
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• LIFE •

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"— and we all went to magic-lantern shows at Ma Hendrick's."

"The day Pop Winters drank that hard cider over at Winkle's Farm."

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"— when Judge Handy held four treys over Sid Jessup's straight flush."

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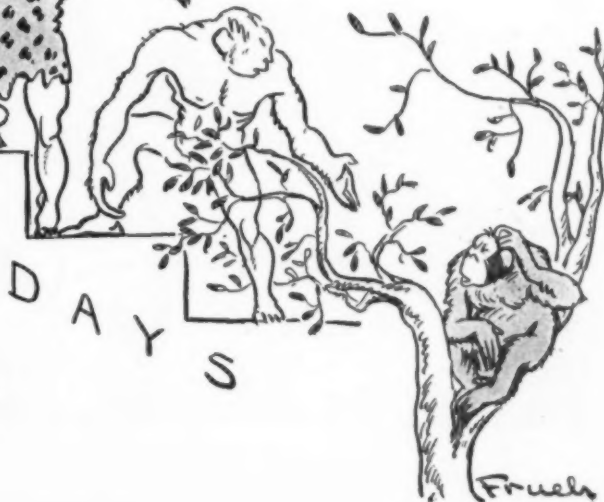
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"I said the *second*," she replied testily.

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Frueh

Life



Lines

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LIFE'S BRASS MEDAL
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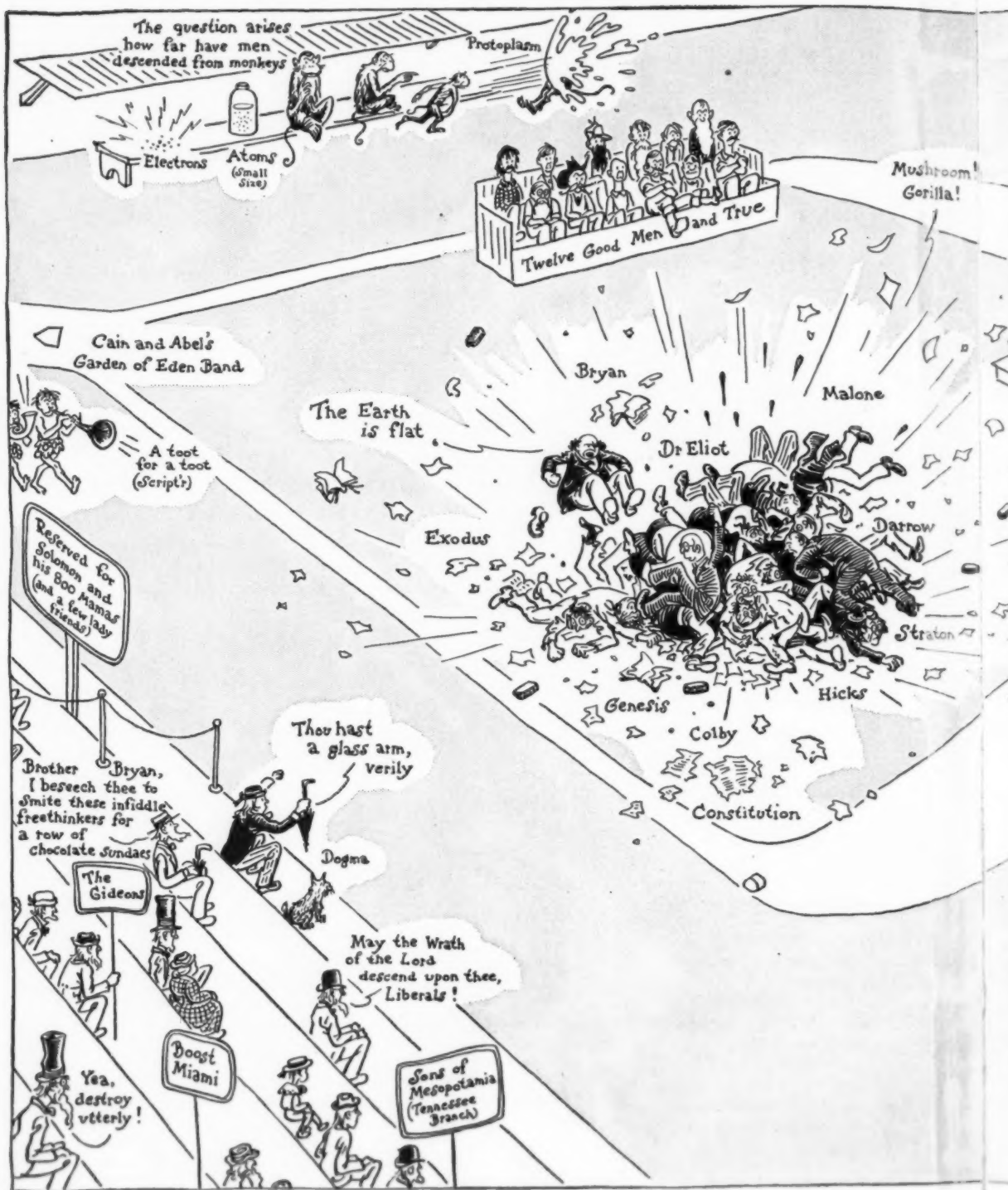
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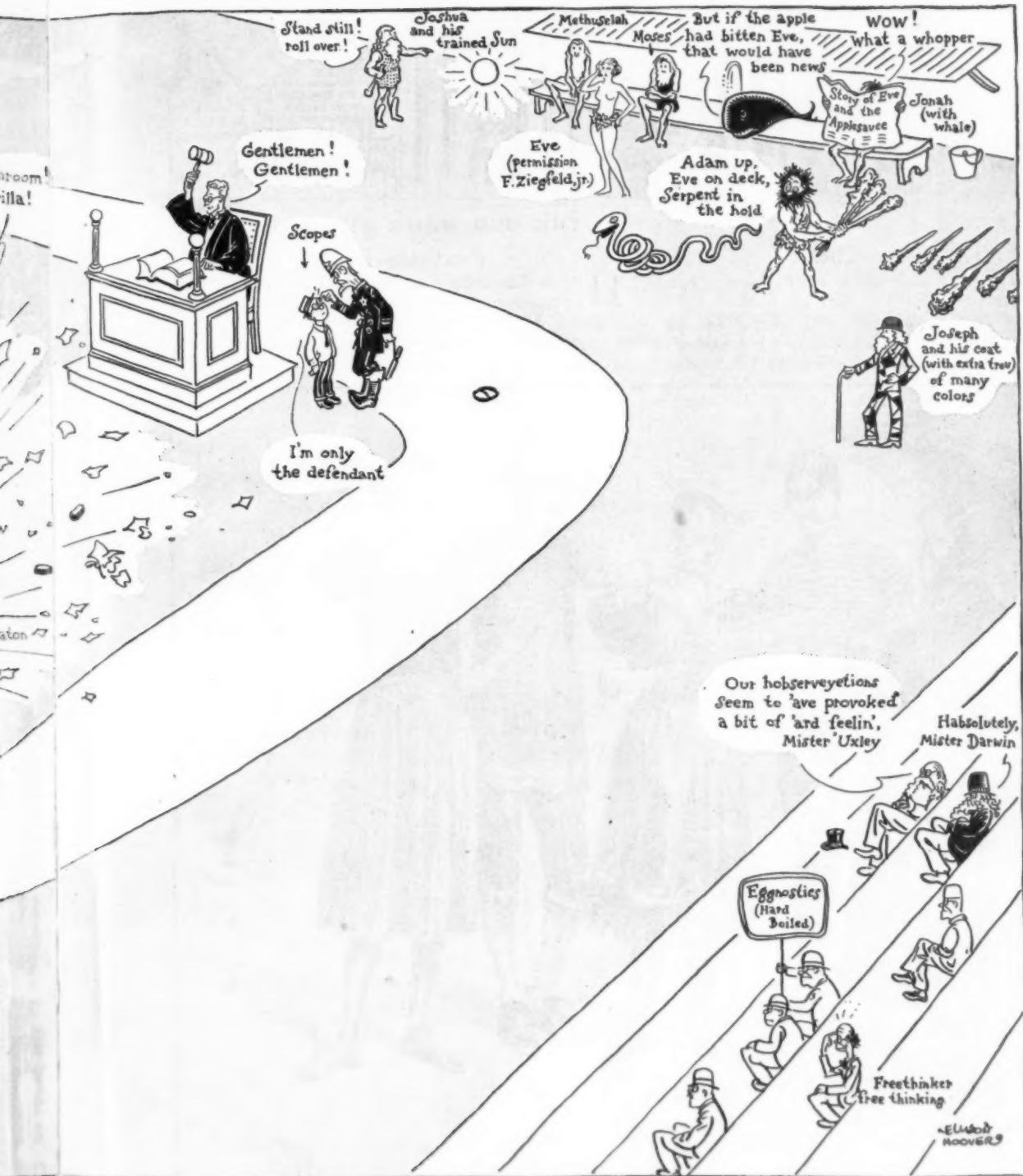
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Bird's-eye View of the



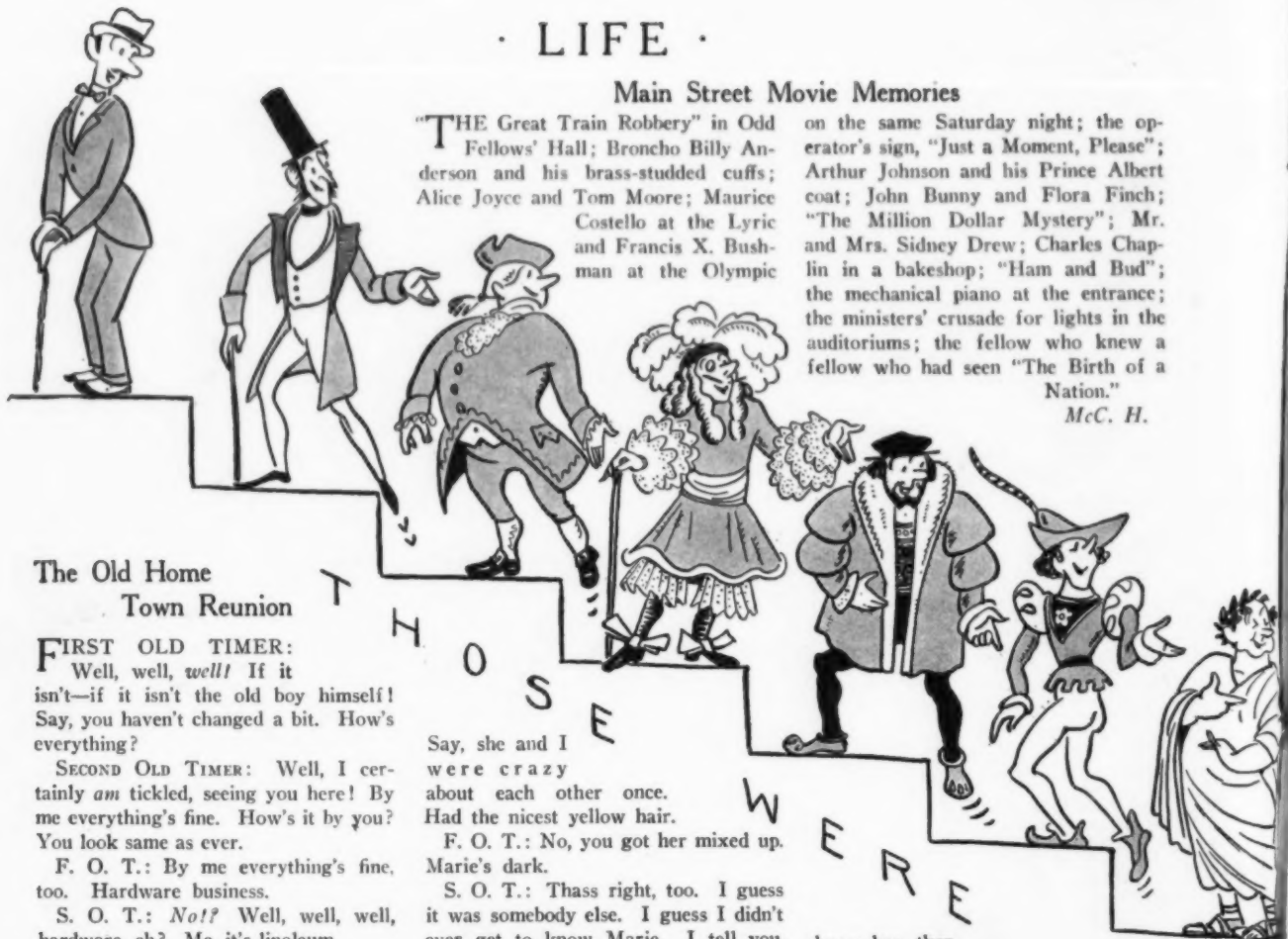
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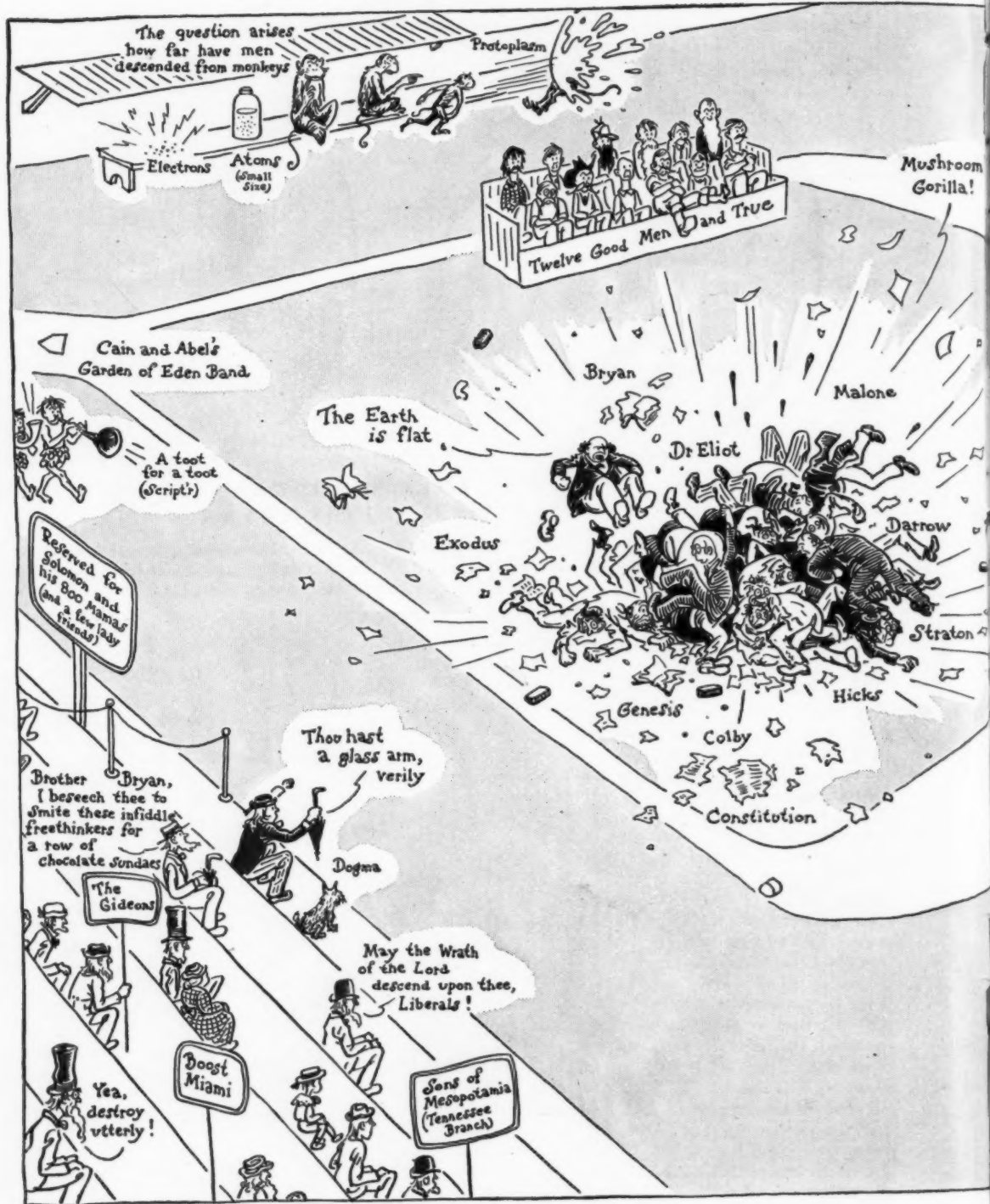
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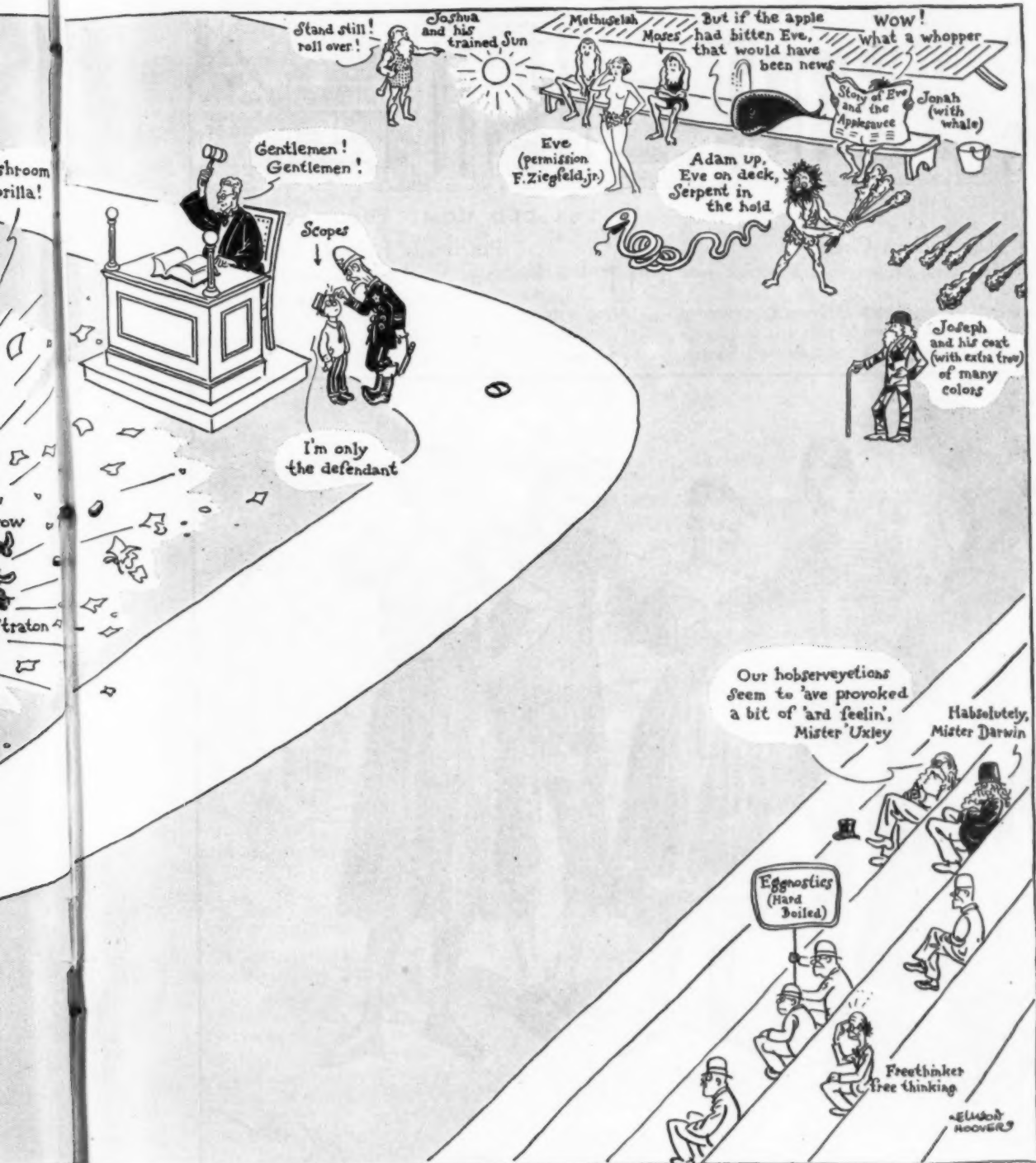
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Bird's-eye View of the





THE OLD HOME TOWN IT AIN'T

The Vicious Circle

NEIGHBOR: Oh, I say, Ginks, may I borrow your lawn mower?

GINKS: Why, Smith took it back to Jones this morning because he promised Doyle he would return it to Olson's neighbor by Monday, provided Cohen got through Sunday.

Practically Ruined

"HOW is Simpson getting along in business?"

"Wonderfully; but he's terribly discouraged."

"How's that?"

"Well, they're so busy filling and shipping orders they haven't any time to hold a conference."



THE GAY NINETIES

SHOWING A JOLLY LITTLE BEACH PARTY WHOSE SWIM IS ABOUT TO BE RUINED BY A REPORT OF THE SIGHTING OF ANOTHER SEA SERPENT OFF THE JERSEY COAST. BUT GREAT AS WAS THE FEAR OF SEA SERPENTS IN THOSE HALCYON DAYS—THE FEAR OF SUNBURN WAS APPARENTLY GREATER.



WHAT IT USED TO BE

Afternoons in Bellevue

Crazy Harry on Autographed Patients

"I SEE," Crazy Harry remarked profoundly to the Fried Egg, "that a physician writing in a medical magazine advocates all doctors' signing their patients after an operation by means of a tattooed letter."

The Fried Egg, who read only cook books, disliked these literary discussions. "Do you think the patient would like being tattooed?" he asked absently. But in reality he was wondering whether it wouldn't have been better, after all, to enjoy a career as an omelet rather than as a plain, ordinary fried egg. Crazy Harry, however, scarcely noticed the interruption.

"It is an excellent idea," he continued hastily, almost before the Fried Egg had finished. "Just think of the possibilities it opens up. How often do you suppose doctors find themselves criticizing the manner in which some previous operation on a patient had been performed, only to discover that they themselves were the ones who had performed it?"

The Fried Egg struggled earnestly to supply the answer, but soon apologetically gave it up. "I'm sure I don't know," he said. "How often?"

"And think," Crazy Harry rattled on, "how it would boom the medical business if patients fond of organ recitals adopted a craze for collecting physicians' autographs. What delight one woman would take in saying to another, 'Do you know, my dear, my health has been terrible lately. I have been signed by every doctor in town. Let me show you the cute way Dr. Gray wrote his initial right on my arm here the time I had blood poisoning.'"

The Fried Egg's attempt to ponder this was not successful, and Crazy Harry presently resumed:

"Tramps, you know, co-operate with each other by putting marks on the gate-posts of houses they have visited, indicating the kind of treatment they have received within. These autographs of doctors could be used in much the same way."

Crazy Harry sighed. "If such a system of lettering patients had only been adopted earlier," he said, "I might have become a doctor."

"I am afraid," replied the Fried Egg gently, "that a great many of your patients might have been sent to the dead-letter office."

Tracy Hammond Lewis.

The Opportunist

"THE weather is more settled now." "Yes; I just came across the street and it was nice all the way."

To Mrs. Coolidge

FIRST Lady of the Land, they say,
And none has held more charming sway.

Homage and titles free are lent
To her, our Madam President.
Hers, too, might be this nomination—
Smilewoman of the Administration.
At all events, in any case,
A most attractive saving Grace.

F. D.

After a Fashion

REPORTER: Was Slowtown's Old Home Week all you'd hoped for?

CHAIRMAN: The Waffle Shoppe reaped a harvest, Doc Sinclair got the indigestion cases, Widow Phelps sold those antiques she got stuck on three years ago, and the constable confiscated fifteen quarts of alleged liquor, with strong probability of the bail money's being forfeited. Draw your own conclusions.



OLD HOME WEEK—AND NOBODY HOME

*A Song of
Hearth and Home
for Music-Lovers the
Wide World Over*



The Crayon Portraits Hung On Mem'ry's Wall

BALLAD

Words and Music by
Baron Ireland
and John Rae

Slowly and with much expression

Voice

Piano

While seat-ed with the girl I love and
The swim-ming hole has dried up now where

mean to make my wife I so of-ten dream a-bout the days of
I played as a boy And the lit-tle girl's grown old-er with the

yore years Oft I tell her of the hum-ble home where
But in mem-o-ry I live a-gain those

I be-gan my life, And in fan-cy we oft rove down child-hood's shore.
scenes of childhood's joy, And I bathe them in af-fee-tion's hap-py tears.

Printed in the U. S. A.

Refrain

Rec-ol-lec-tion oft-times brings a well loved face back Sis-ter

dear, oft by false trav'-ling men be-trayed; Bro-ther

Res - cued, oft - times ru - ined at the race - - track; Moth - er
 dear, who for her err - ing chil - dren prayed; Lit - tle
 girl who lived next door my child - hood sweet - - heart, Oft her
 fea - tures on my vis - ion gent - ly fall. I for -
 get the wolves of time when I look up - on the line Of the
 cray - on por - traits hung on mem - 'ry's wall!

See ad lib.

This Craven Portraits, etc. 4



Try This Over
on Your Piano—
and Duck



JULY 9, 1925

"While there is Life there's Hope."

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IN Florida they have had words about a measure passed by the legislature requiring daily reading of the Bible in the public schools. The argument against it is that the aim of Bible reading in the schools is to teach religion and to that there is objection. In Tennessee they have the same sort of dispute over the teaching of Darwinism in the public schools. The objection to that is that it makes for irreligion and the objectors have prohibited it by law.

Behind these activities is an interesting fallacy, the same one behind both of them. The Florida objectors think that when the children in the public schools read the Bible they get religion, and the Tennessee legislators suppose that when the Tennessee children read Darwinism, they get irreligion. There is very little to it in either case, but in both cases they benefit by what is taught. After you have learned the alphabet and the multiplication table, the Bible is about as good to learn as anything one can think of. It is an unrivaled basis for a literary education. You get language and stories from it that cannot possibly be matched for English-speaking people from any other source. Piety has saved it from expurgation so that as a record of human life it beats all the other literature that stands on the family book shelf. To know the Bible is an education in itself and has been the main part of the early education of many famous men.

Of course the Bible ought to be read in the schools everywhere. Indeed if only people would disabuse their minds of the notion that children will get religion out of it and grow to be like

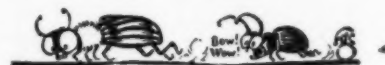
Mr. Bryan, the objection to it would vanish and the like is true about Darwinism, which ought to be separated from the idea that it is irreligious, an idea based on the supposition that it conflicts with the Bible. Darwinism ought to be taught for what it is worth. The Bible ought to be read for what it is worth. Every common school graduate ought to know roughly what is in the Bible and ought to have its language running more or less through his head, and that not as a matter of religion but as a matter of education. So with the theory of evolution, including Darwin's ideas about it. Every school child ought to know about evolution, not as to particulars, but what the idea is and what basis there is in a general way for thinking the idea sound. To keep evolution and the Bible out of the schools is nonsense. They both belong in them as great factors in education.



BUT will the Bible get into the public schools? That is doubtful. A company of free-thinkers at this very writing are making trouble and appealing to the courts because it is read in the schools of New Jersey. So many people seem to lack realization that we must know something if we are to think straight; that many important matters are always under discussion, and that no one can discuss them intelligently unless he knows something about them! One must know something about the Bible, which is an extremely important factor in current civilization, before one can have an opinion as to whether it is good or bad. So about evolution; one must know much more

than what Mr. Bryan says about it before one can form any judgment as to what it presages about human life. The idea that human life is in a process of development that began long ago and goes steadily on is very encouraging. The idea that evolution eliminates God from the direction of human affairs is nonsense, of course, but one has to know a little about it to think so.

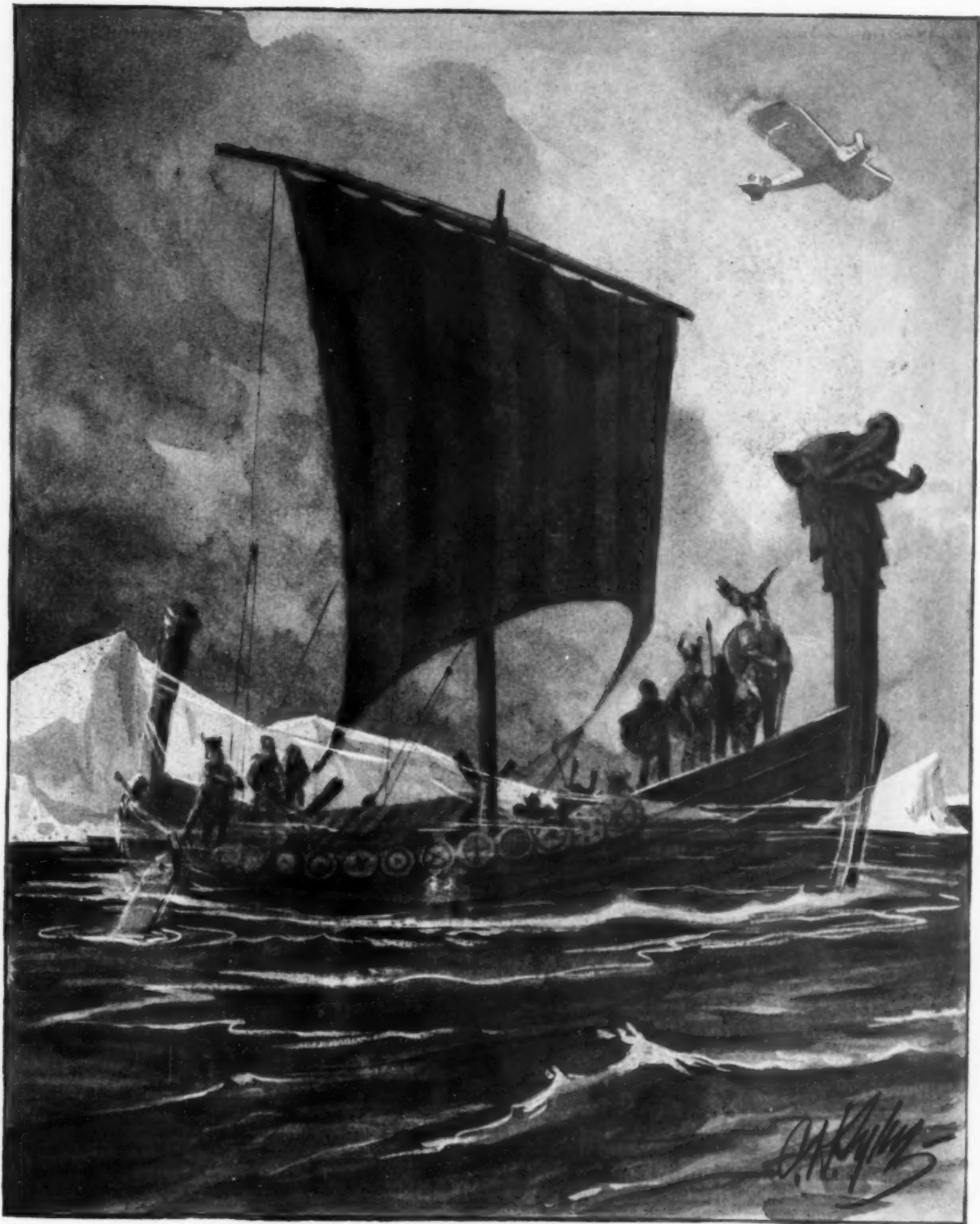
The world needs knowledge and it is steadily getting it, but the process is slow, and meanwhile great numbers of people do not know what they think about religion, about politics, about capital and labor, about international affairs, about the regulation of life and all such things. Human life was never a greater field for great teachers than it is to-day. There are some, and there will be more, in politics, in religion, in science, in all things, but their province is not so much to tell people what is true and what is not true, as to secure for them the means of reaching those conclusions for themselves.



ONE of the important things in current life is the condition of agriculture. Since wages for farm labor went so high, land has been going out of cultivation. Yet food is sufficiently produced and machinery increasingly takes the place of men. In the long run that may be all right enough, but it makes trouble for individuals as it develops. One hears that a million acres of cotton lands have gone out of cultivation in South Carolina and that in most places agricultural land has greatly depreciated in value. Perhaps as we grow wiser we shall be able to get along without farmers and can expunge Kansas from the map, and derive food from Ford factories. That will simplify life and improve politics, but at present we still have to go to grass even for milk, and farmers still look to be a necessary evil.

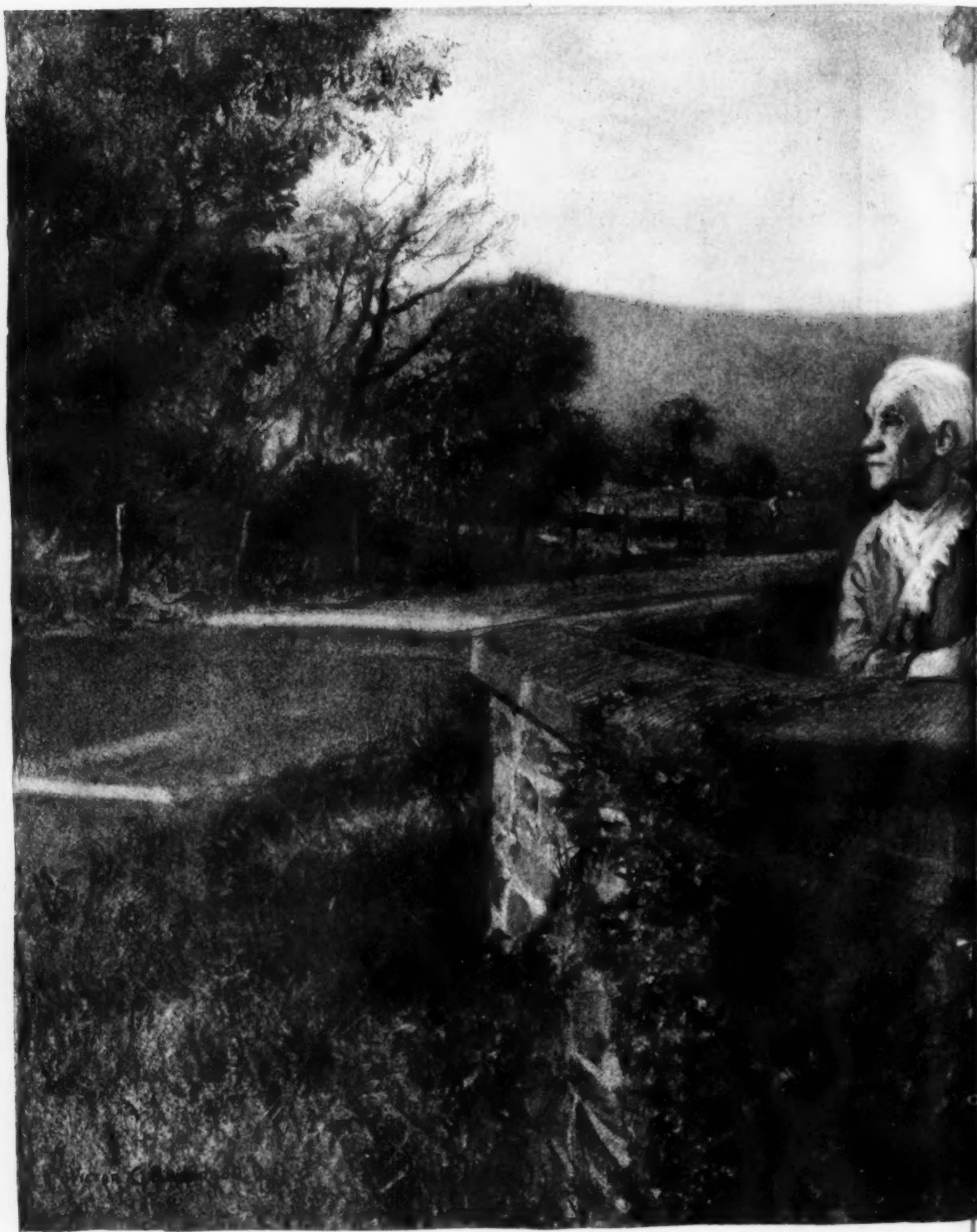
IT looks as though France and Germany might get together on a coal and iron basis. Each needs what the other has got and there is much more profit for both of them in working together than in keeping apart. So what the statesmen have found it so hard to accomplish economic compulsion may effect.

E. S. Martin.



THE ESCORT

· LI



Old Ho

• LIFE •



Old Home Week

A Grin Fairy Tale

STAND by a few moments, my great unseen audience, while we give Nita Gerita, the movie star, the air...My goodness, this is indeed upsetting. I am afraid we shall have to substitute Tiny, the Girl Basso, instead, for Nita has absolutely refused to face the microphone at the last minute.

Really, you never did see such a modest person as Nita. "Why," she asked, "should I take up the time of intelligent people by talking to them for fifteen minutes just because some misguided director thinks I am pretty enough to star in the films? You know as well as I do that I haven't a thought in my head."

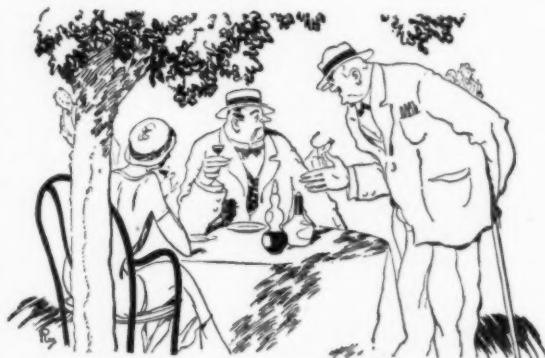
Neither of us is able to supply the answer to the question, so if you will please cling to your ear-phones for a few seconds while Tiny finds her music, we shall let this famous girl singer do her bit instead....

Yes, Nita — I'll tell 'em...Nita has just asked me, before leaving the studio, to tell her many admirers that they will be wasting their time if they see her latest picture, "Sizzling Hearts." She wishes us to assure you that it is neither the scenario writer's fault nor the director's, as both did all that could be expected of them. The trouble is that the film calls for a delicate touch and an emo-

tional ability that Nita admits she does not possess...Good-by, Nita...All ready, Tiny? Now, then, fans, you are due for a real treat—"Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep," by the girl who knocked E flat in the first round.

Tracy Hammond Lewis.

THE race for the summer coat of tan is on. May the best man wince!



Second European Tourist: I BEG PARDON, BUT I JUST OVERHEARD YOU SAY YOU WERE FROM THE FINEST LITTLE OLD TOWN GOD EVER MADE. SHAKE! I'M FROM WHEELS-PORT, TOO.

Explained

MANAGER: What is your act?

VAUDEVILLE ACTOR: I carry a trained-flea act.

MANAGER: What does this dog do?

ACTOR: He carries the understudies.

WHAT would Old Home Week be without the phrase, "knee-high to a grasshopper"?



THE REAL-ESTATE AGENT SAID THAT THE BUNGALOW WAS "JUST A STONE'S THROW FROM THE STATION."

How Much Does the Sun Jump?

An Account of the Stroboscope, the New Tell-Tale

By Robert Benchley

THE wonders of our solar universe, and of the thousands and thousands of other universes which we now know dot the heavens, were never more clearly demonstrated than they have been by the recently devised "stroboscope," an invention of Dr. Charles Van Heak, by means of which we are able to measure sun-jumps.

It was not known until recently that the sun jumped at all. It has been known for a long time that the sun is 92,830,000 miles from the earth (except on Leap Year). So much has been an open secret. It has also been recognized in a general way that the moon is swinging at a terrific rate around the sun and that the earth (our Earth) goes back and forth between the sun and the moon once every twenty-four hours, drawing nearest to the sun at noon and then turning back to the moon. This makes our "night" and "day," or, as some say, "right" and "left." Men have also known a long time that if you took a train going a hundred miles an hour you would stand a fat chance of ever reaching the sun.

OUR own little colony of stars (we call it "our own," although we just rent it), the Solar System, is composed of millions and millions of things, each one 396,505,000,000,000 miles away from the others. If you will take your little sister out-of-doors some clear winter's night to look at the stars, and will stand on the top of a high hill from which you can get a good view of the heavens, you will probably both catch very bad colds.

Now it was not known until 1899, when Professor George M. MacRerly began his experiments with gin and absinthe, that the sun was hot at all. One morning, after having been up all

night in the laboratory, Prof. MacRerly reached up and touched the sun and was severely burned. He bears the scar to this day. Following this discovery, scientists immediately set about to measure the sun's heat and to see what could be done to stop it. It was during the progress of these experiments that it was found out that the sun jumped.

How, you may say, can we tell that a body 92,000,000 miles away jumps? And, if it does, what the hell difference

The principle of the "stroboscope" is that of the steam-engine, except that it has no whistle. It is based on the fact that around the sun there is a brilliantly luminous envelope of vaporous matter known as the "chromosphere." We are practically certain that this "chromosphere" exists. If it doesn't, Dr. Van Heak is out of luck, that's all.

NOW, knowing that this gas gives off waves of varying lengths, according to the size of the atmosphere, and that these wave lengths can be analyzed by the spectroscopic (a wonderful instrument which breaks up wave-lengths and plays, "See You in My Dreams" at the same time), Dr. Van Heak has constructed an instrument which will catch these rays as they come from the "chromosphere," spank them soundly, and send them right back again where they belong. Thus, when the sun jumps, if it ever does, the movement, however slight, will be registered on the "stroboscope" by the ringing of a tiny bell, as any deflection of these rays at all will strike the sensitized plate at the top of the instrument and will

break it. As it breaks, the bell rings. Thus the observer will know that the sun has jumped.

The next step is to find out some use to which the "stroboscope" can be put.

EDITOR'S NOTE—This article was announced for publication last week but, what with one thing and another, was held over. In future we shall be more guarded, and shall merely announce that another of Mr. Benchley's informative little talks will appear "soon."

The Higher Grammar

"GO to the board, Johnny, and analyze the sentence I gave you." "Sorry, teacher, but it's a complex sentence; I'll have to psychoanalyze it."

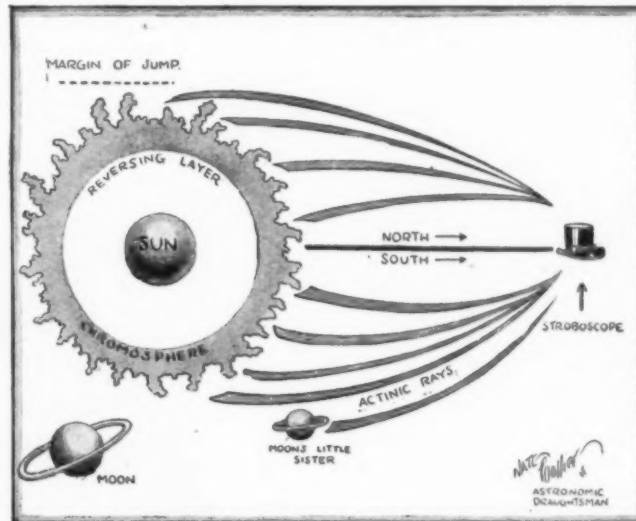


DIAGRAM SHOWING HOW THE SUN'S RAYS ARE TAKEN BY STROBOSCOPE INDICATING SUN-JUMPS.

does it make, anyway? Ninety-two million miles is ninety-two million miles, and we have got enough things within a radius of five miles to worry about without watching the sun jump. This is what people said when Dr. Van Heak began his researches on the subject. A lot of them still say it.

BUT Dr. Van Heak was not discouraged. He got out an old oblong box, and somewhere found a cover for it. Into this box he put his lunch. Then he went up to his observatory on the roof and sat. When he came down he had worked out a device for measuring sun-jumps, the "stroboscope."

The Origin of the Rover Boys

By their author, Edward Stratemeyer

(EDITOR'S NOTE—The series of articles entitled, "The Rover and Over Boys," by Corey Ford, come to an end in LIFE last week. In justice to Mr. Stratemeyer, who created the Rover Boys in 1899, we must explain that the copyrights on this series belong to him, and that he holds a trade-mark on the name, "Rover Boys." The following reminiscences, by Mr. Stratemeyer, were published in Grosset & Dunlap's "Business Promoter" and are reprinted here by permission of the author. They should be interesting to the many millions of boys and girls who have followed the Rovers through the twenty-six years of their existence.)

HOW did I come to write The Rover Boys' stories, and how did I happen to pick out the pen name of Arthur M. Winfield?

Well, first as to the stories. For a long time I had had in mind to write a series dealing with up-to-date American boys. Many of our books of those days had an English setting, or else were of the wishy-washy, the "Rollo," or the poor class of Sunday school volume type. I remembered that when I had gone to Sunday school we had a library of over a thousand volumes and of those the boys did not care for more than a dozen. And at the public library, a small affair, we were handed dilapidated copies of "Ivanhoe," or "The Water Babies," or "Deeds of Daring Travelers," the latter with little woodcuts of lions, snakes, and the like.

I wrote the first three volumes of The Rover Boys one summer, and I have been writing one volume a year ever since. The first volumes were published by the Mershon Company, now defunct. In those days we thought a sale of three thousand of a title very fine, and we never dreamed the sale would go into the millions.

Now as to the pen name, Arthur M. Winfield. One evening, when writing with my mother sitting near sewing, I remarked that I wanted an assumed name—that I wasn't going to use my own name on the manuscript I was then turning out, a short story for a religious weekly. She thought a moment and suggested Winfield. "For then," she said, "you may win in that field." I thought that good and then asked about a front name. "Well," she said, "if you are going to be an author, why not make it Arthur?" And so it became Arthur. Then to make it look more natural, I inserted the middle initial M., saying M stood for thousands and it might help us to sell thousands of books. It has done that and more; it has brought thousands of letters to Arthur M. Winfield, from boys and girls all over this land, and in England, Australia and other quarters of the globe.

What do the boys and girls write about? Well, the girls generally want to know when the girls in the books are going to marry the Rover boys. Of the boys, fully fifty per cent. want to know where Putnam Hall is and what the tuition charges are. I really ought to start such a school and fill it with the boys who have read The Rover Boys. Many of the boys want to know where the Rover boys live, so they can write to them!

How do I write the stories? Well, I used to pound them

out on the typewriter myself. But for the last six years I have been dictating them to my secretary, a very efficient stenographer. After a story is typed I lay it aside for a few weeks, then go over it carefully, and I also go over all the proof-sheets and likewise the illustrations. And I'll let you into a little secret. The original cover design, used on the first ten or twelve volumes, was my work. And there you are.

No Hurry

WIFE: Wake up, Harry, there's a burglar downstairs!

HUSBAND (yawning): It's all right, dear—I left some bootleg gin out on the sideboard. I'll pick him up in the morning.

THE man wishing to reduce these days has the choice of going on a diet or following the more rigorous plan of dining at his wife's favorite tea-room.

FAIRY Story—"We'll have to cut that," said the great movie director; "it's nothing but hokum."



"WAIT HERE JUST ONE MOMENT, MISS HIPPO, WHILE I GET THREE OR FOUR CHAIRS FOR YOU."



Skippy: THE MEETIN' WILL COME TO ORDER; BECAUSE WE'RE GOIN' TO PUT UP SOME NEW NAMES FOR MEMBERS, TO BE WROTE DOWN ON THOSE SLIPS O' PAPER.



Skippy: I GOT SOME NAMES HERE—ER, WHO PUT UP THE TWELVE APOSTLES?

Sooky: I DID, BECAUSE I THINK IT'LL GIVE THE CLUB A GOOD NAME.



Skippy: VERY WELL, WE'LL VOTE ON THE TWELVE APOSTLES.



Skippy: WELL, FELLERS, THE VOTES IS IN, 'N' THEY DIDN'T MAKE THE GRADE; SO WE'RE STILL AN ATHALETIC CLUB.

Skippy

Back in Jonesville

What You May Expect to Find on Your Old Home Week Visit

ROBINSON'S PHARMACY, which you swept out for a dollar a week, is now a chain drug store serving boiled dinners.

Simpson's Livery, where you hired your first buggy, is now the Apex Garage, where you can get your car washed, oiled and sneered at.

The old Smith House, where you could get a good meal for fifty cents, is now the Hotel New Trianon, where you can't get one at any price.

The Grand Op'ra House is now the New Paradise Motion

Picture Palace with the best-painted usherettes in the state.

And little Grover Cleveland Smith, who was expelled from school the year of the Buffalo Exposition and for whom no good end was prophesied, is president of the First, Second and Third National Bank and Union Trust Company.

McC. H.

HORSES, pigs and fowls have road rights in England, but not dogs, which are in the same class with pedestrians.



WHEN I reviewed Virginia Woolf's "Jacob's Room" two or three years ago, I ended up facetiously with the assertion that I should gladly surrender for the small sum of fifteen cents the copy for which I had paid three dollars. It caused a lot of trouble, because several subscribers wrote in, sending stamps. All these letters had to be answered, not to mention having to wrap up and post the book to a man in Brooklyn. Mrs. Woolf has now written another novel, "Mrs. Dalloway," and let me start right off by saying that my sample is not for sale at any price. In the first place, I had to beg a review copy from Mr. Harrison Smith of Harcourt, Brace and Co., after hearing from my pet bookseller that it was going strong with his trade; and in the second place, I intend to give it as a *bon voyage* present to a friend who is sailing for Europe.

Mrs. Woolf has come along a bit since "Jacob's Room." She is a fair exponent of the school of what Clive Bell calls "fourth dimensional writing," which really means putting down on paper details which most writers con-

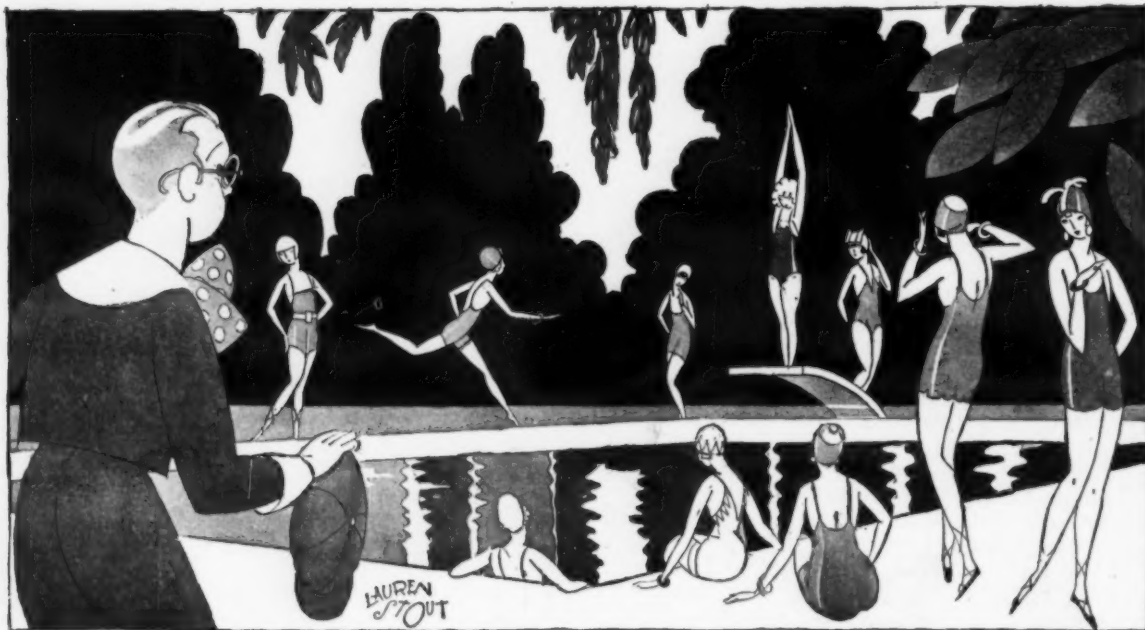
sider irrelevant to the plot, if they see them at all. Moods, evanescent psychology—all that sort of thing. It naturally follows that with fourth dimensional writers there isn't very much plot, if any. The three hundred pages of "Mrs. Dalloway" cover only one day in its heroine's existence, a day in which the reader meets a lot of assorted strangers. Yet Mrs. Woolf does manage to present her somehow, and the fashionable London which is her *métier*. And she *does* make her charming, only I don't think she should have given her a pinched face and made her carry home the flowers she bought for her party.

(Fully conscious of my heresy, let me confess in a whisper that I am not yet quite up to the new fourth dimensional school. There are so many pages whereon I have no idea what the author is talking about. But you mustn't pay any attention to *me*. Remember what the critics said about Keats and Shelley.)

P. S. I hope Mr. Harrison Smith doesn't think, if he reads this, that I've played him a dirty trick.

THE kind of girl that men forget (am

I not being painfully grammatical by leaving out that "a" before "girl"?) is not at all what the song would lead us to believe. The kind of girl that men forget is the girl with the Queen-of-the-May complex—the girl who leads them off into dark corners and talks to them as if she were a composite of Cleopatra, Helen of Troy and the siren sisters. The kind who says, "I was vain enough to imagine you would follow me—men have, you know.... I am not the sort of woman who unfolds herself to any man interested enough to endure the revelation.... Some call me a proud woman, Jerrold." Of course, in literature, as in life, such a female go-getter is usually left in the lurch (or must be killed off like *Mercutio* in order to save the plot) for a sweet young thing with a peaches-and-cream complexion who, like George Ade's heroine, knows that Columbus discovered America and what kind of cold cream to use, and lets it go at that. That is certainly what happens in "A Taste of Honey," by Eric Maschwitz (Continued on page 29)

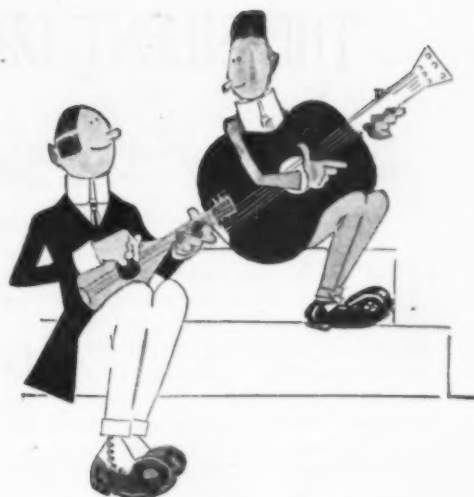


THE HOLLYWOOD WONDER CHILD REVISITS THE OLD SWIMMING HOLE

Music
Down Through
the Ages



The College Chap
in Days Gone by Played
the Swiss Zither



The Next Generation
Twanged the Spanish Mandolin
and Guitar



From Even Sunnier
Honolulu Came the
Uke.



From Sunny
California Came the
Hickman Whistle

Let Us Hope
That the Boys Won't Turn Next to
Scotland for Inspiration



THE SILENT DRAMA



"Don Q"

THERE is one quality in every Douglas Fairbanks picture that distinguishes it, and lifts it far, far above the dull movie average: that quality is intelligence. Most film producers will not bother with this sort of highbrow nonsense. "Our patrons are not intelligent," they will explain, cynically, "and we'd be suckers to shoot over their heads."

That may be—but the fact appears that Douglas Fairbanks makes pictures which appeal to all people, everywhere; whereas the others make pictures which are aimed directly at the dumb-dorcas and their boy friends.

"Don Q" is probably the surest-fire of all the Fairbanks pictures. It has all the stuff of which box-office knock-outs are made—thrills, romance and speed—and yet it never yields for an instant to the dark forces of hokum. It is beautiful to behold, its continuity is smooth and coherent, and its effects are honestly attained.

THOSE who remember with keen pleasure "The Mark of Zorro" will derive a sentimental thrill from "Don Q." For in this new picture, Doug appears as the son of that famous character who combined the dash and vigor of a *D'Artagnan* with the ponderous dullness of a *Dundreary*.

Don Q is *Zorro's* son, and when he finds himself in dire difficulties in Spain his gray-haired but still inspired father journeys all the way from California to plant the celebrated trade-mark—the mark of *Zorro*—on the brows of *Don Q's* oppressors.

As old *Zorro* reads his son's letter, with the bad news that it contains, he turns to his servant and asks, rather wistfully, "Do you remember a scene in this room thirty years ago?" At this point "Don Q" fades into "The Mark of Zorro," and we see the gay bandit, after his final fight, hurling his sword into the wall with the rousing words, "Till I need you again."

The scene fades back, and we see the sword still planted firmly in the wall. *Zorro* pulls it out, saying, "I need you again."

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS plays father and son, and his realization of both rôles is remarkable. He has more antics than ever; although he is frankly approaching middle age, he is able to outdo the most violent acrobatic feats of his own active youth. But he is so much more than a mere prancing mountebank. He endows every scene with an intense dramatic fire; at all times, he subordinates his biceps to his brain.

As usual, he has taken the trouble to surround himself with a fine cast, the most notable performances being contributed by Warner Oland and Jean Hersholt.

PERHAPS my enthusiasm for Douglas Fairbanks is excessive, but it seems to me that here, for once, I am supported by the public verdict. Doug is probably the most popular gentleman in the world to-day, and he has achieved that not by reason of his acrobatic prowess (there are plenty of good acrobats), not because of the money he has spent on his pictures (Cecil B. De Mille

can spend more), but because he has a fine, alert, sensitive mind, and an integrity which is the essential characteristic of every genuine artist.

"Siege"

THE idea in "Siege" is not a new one. We have read many times of young, effervescent girls who marry into strait-laced, narrow-minded, ultra-conventional families, and then proceed to thaw their chilly hearts with human warmth.

But the treatment of this story, at least, is original. The Danish director, Svend Gade, has developed the rather dreary theme with much imagination; he has caught, admirably, the spirit of oppressive age which dominates his characters and has communicated it to the screen.

Mary Alden, as a cold-blooded old New England lady, is startlingly good.

"The Manicure Girl"

THE fighter who telegraphs his punches — who announces beforehand by gesture or by expression just where and how he is to hit next—is usually flattened in the first round. The same rule applies to moving pictures.

In "The Manicure Girl," every situation, every development of plot is advertised so extensively in advance that there is no spark of surprise at any point. You know that Miss Bebe Daniels is going to flirt with flame, that she is going to reform the rich rotter who offers her everything but a wedding ring, that she will send him scurrying home to his wife and kiddie, and that she will finally return to the young inventor who is about to clean up millions in the radio "game."

There isn't much dramatic interest in a worn-out rubber-stamp, and "The Manicure Girl" is just that. It is one of the dullest pictures on record.

R. E. Sherwood.

(Recent Developments will be found on page 29.)



DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS IN "DON Q"



*The supreme toilette powder
of lingering perfume*

LE TALC COTY

Painting the lily may add nothing to its beauty, but powdering the flesh, the body, with COTY Talcum gives it a greater loveliness of tone and texture, the charm of fragrance and cool daintiness. The mistlike softness of COTY Talcum is infinitely soothing to sensitive, sun-exposed skins

L'ORIGAN - PARIS - CHYPRE - L'OR
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COMPACTE Shade and expressive
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The Pale Thought of Caste

We have just heard of a clergyman and his wife who were all ready to go as missionaries to Africa, but have been unavoidably delayed. They have just left their Harlem apartment in high dudgeon because they have discovered that there is a colored family on the top-floor back.—*Churchman*.

Color-Blind Justice

In selecting puppets for her murderer squad, to be sobbed over and turned loose, Fate resolutely avoids the Negro criminals.—*Houston Post-Dispatch*.

"Did your son receive a liberal education at college?"

"Oh, yes. He doesn't believe in anything any longer."—*New York Sun*.

Slow movie—Modern child jumping at Father's command.—*Detroit Free Press*.



SCRUPULOUS

"BRING ME A BEEFSTEAK WITH POTATOES, BUT A LOT OF POTATOES, YOU UNDERSTAND—I'M A VEGETARIAN."

—*Buen Humor (Madrid)*.

A GREEN apple a day buys the doctor's coupé.—*New York Herald Tribune*.

News from School

Alice had learned the story of Columbus at school, and was telling it to her mother.

"An' his ships were named the Niña, the Pinta, and—and—"

"Santa Maria," prompted her mother, "Yes, and the queen's name was—"

"Isabella," suggested the mother.

"Mother," demanded Alice, with sudden suspicion, "have you ever heard this story before?"

—*Western Christian Advocate*.

There, There!

The most mixed-up paragraph ever printed appeared in the St. Petersburg, Fla., *Times*, and said:

"The styles are a repetition of those fourteen years ago says fourteen years ago around here fourteen years ago, and don't remember of being shocked."

—*Akron Beacon Journal*.

The Car with the Astral Body

"For sale, Studebaker, to seat six, no room for same."

It would have been funnier not to say anything until afterwards.

—*London Daily News*.

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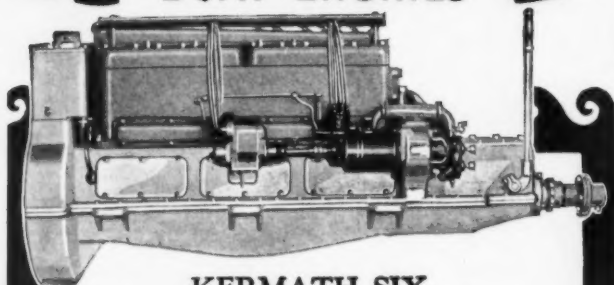
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Then it's not the same;
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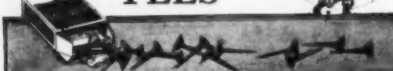
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Revived

A village priest, on his sabbatical year,
arrived in Rome and put up at a modest
hotel.

Not knowing Italian, he tried to get
along with his liturgical Latin. As he
was about to make an excursion to the
surrounding country, he came out of
his room prepared for travel, and the
porter, seeing him, supposed that he
wanted his trunk carried out.

"That may stay here," said the priest.
"I shall return."

"Non capisco, Monsignore," returned
the porter, shrugging his shoulders.

"Requiescat in pace," said the priest,
pointing to the trunk. "Resurgam!"

—Simplicissimus (Munich).

War and the Black Gang

The relative importance of small
things is illustrated in an incident de-
scribed by Admiral Bacon in "A Naval
Scrap Book." It concerns a destroyer
that had been through a stiff engage-
ment. After the fight the stokehold
hatches were lifted and up popped the
heads of two grimy stokers. One of
the officers, thinking he would like to
hear a stokehold opinion of the action,
listened to their remarks. All he heard
was: "Well, all I can say, Bill, is that
he ought to have married the girl."

—Argonaut.

Nothing better for sluggish appetite than Abbott's
Bitters. Sample by mail, 25 cts. C. W. Abbott & Co.,
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The Great Open Spaces

Two famous pianists, one traveling
East, the other West, met at the railroad
station of a tiny hamlet in the Arizona
desert. "Giving a recital here?" asked
X., with a deep show of interest. "No,
I got off to attend yours," answered Z.
earnestly.—Musical Courier.

A Used Car

FATHER (with new car): Can't under-
stand what's wrong. It went all right
when I drove it down yesterday.

BOBBIE (with vivid memories of his
own toys): Yes; but yesterday it was
new, Daddie.—London Opinion.

Now, Now!

Advertisement in the Roswell (New
Mexico) Evening News:

*FOR SALE—Twelve fresh milk cows,
twelve calves and one hundred lambs.
Scientifically adjusted. Terms to right
party, but no last year's bird nests need
apply.—American Legion Weekly.

"Does your barber ever ask you if
the razor pulls?"

"Only when he is sure it doesn't."
—Boston Transcript.

FABLE—Once upon a time a radio fan
described his set coherently.

—Toronto Telegram.



"BUT WHY DIDN'T YOU ATTEND TO THAT
LITTLE COBWEB?"

"OH, I THOUGHT IT WAS PART OF THE
RADIO."

—L'Esquella de la Torratxa
(Barcelona).

It is said that six quarts of oil will
cover a mile of sea. But have you ever
let a sardine tin drip on your white flannel
trousers at a picnic?

—Punch.

Protect your gums and
save your teeth



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JUST as a ship
needs the closest
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line, so do the teeth
under the gum-line.
If the gums shrink
from the tooth-base,
serious dangers result.
The teeth are weak-
ened. They are loos-
ened. They are ex-
posed to tooth-base decay. The
gums themselves tender
up. They form sacs
which become the door-
ways of organic disease
for the whole system.
They disfigure the
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they recede.

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rhea, which attacks
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ple over forty.

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Recommend these tablets to him. Get a box for him. Once he uses them he will always be thankful that you urged him to get slender. It is your duty to see that he keeps slender like other successful men.

All drug stores have them—one dollar a box. Or they will be sent in plain wrapper, postpaid, by the Marmola Co., 1843 General Motors Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

MARMOLA
The Pleasant Way to Reduce

Next Week

The center-page cartoon is a gorgeous seascape, painted by Anton Otto Fischer and reproduced in full color.

On the cover are two of Robert L. Dickey's delightful dogs—a magnificent Russian wolfhound and an ordinary mutt.

Altruism

If the sun were only as white as the moon

And the moon as red as the sun,
Think how dark it would be at noon
And how light when the day is done!

It mightn't be pleasant for you and me
To sleep when the sky is bright,
But how nice for the cats and thieves it would be

Who have to go 'round at night!

V. W. M.

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THE SILENT DRAMA Recent Developments

(The regular Silent Drama department will be found on page 24)

The White Monkey. Try to guess what this one is all about. On second thought, it isn't worth the effort.

I'll Show You the Town. Reginald Denny in a rollicking farce with just a few more rollics than are absolutely necessary.

Are Parents People? Fine performances by Adolphe Menjou, Florence Vidor and Betty Bronson; excellent direction by Mal St. Clair.

The Desert Flower. Colleen Moore as a little tough girl who does all manner of cute things. You can have her!

Paths to Paradise. A darned good comedy, involving the high-hatted Mr. Raymond Griffith.

My Wife and I. Where is my wandering husband to-night?

Beggar on Horseback. James Cruze's intelligent interpretation of Kaufman and Connelly's fantastic comedy—doomed to failure in the box-office because it's too good to be profitable.

The Crackerjack. Johnny Hines in a rough-house and generally unfunny farce.

Old Home Week. A delicate tribute to this number of LIFE by Thomas Meighan and George Ade.

The Little French Girl. Uninteresting heart interest.

Grass. One of the few "epics of the screen" that really deserve the name.

The Sporting Venus. A Marshall Neilan production which makes no sense but manages to provide fair entertainment.

Welcome Home. Another Cruze production and a thoroughly uninspired one at that.

Friendly Enemies. Weber and Fields are funny.

Soul Fire. A great performance by Richard Barthelmess in almost a great picture.

Up the Ladder. Showing to what lengths stupidity can go.

Zander the Great. The last of William Randolph Hearst's film productions—which is all right with me.

Mme. Sans-Gêne. Playing to packed houses solely because its star, Gloria Swanson, married Le Marquis de la Falaise de la Coudray. (The United States of America was originally organized according to the principles of democracy.)

R. E. S.

Life and Letters

(Continued from page 22)

(McBride), from which the foregoing quotations are lifted verbatim. "A Taste of Honey" is all about a bold married vamp who tries to show an affianced young Englishman what love is like, and with no success whatsoever. She doesn't exactly break a leg in the attempt, although she pretends to do so in order to pass the night in a country inn with him. She even gets as far as his bedroom, but he spurns her nobly. Every once in a while we are reminded that literature isn't at all like life.

Baird Leonard.

W

Wrigley's is as beneficial as it is pleasant and lasting.

R

Regular use of it will aid the teeth, appetite and digestion.

I

It cleanses the teeth, removing food particles that cause decay.

G

Good gum is good for you—doctors and dentists affirm this.

L

Let the children have Wrigley's for lasting pleasure and benefit.

E

Eat wisely, chew your food well and use Wrigley's—after every meal.

Y

You will note a marked improvement in your health and spirits.

'S

Smiles come easier, breath is sweeter, the world is brighter with Wrigley's F 31 "after every meal"—the flavor lasts!



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With best wishes for your continued
success, I am,

Very truly yours,

Alex Kaiser

AK:JW

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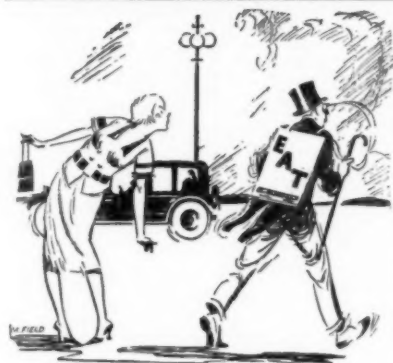
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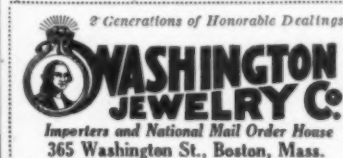
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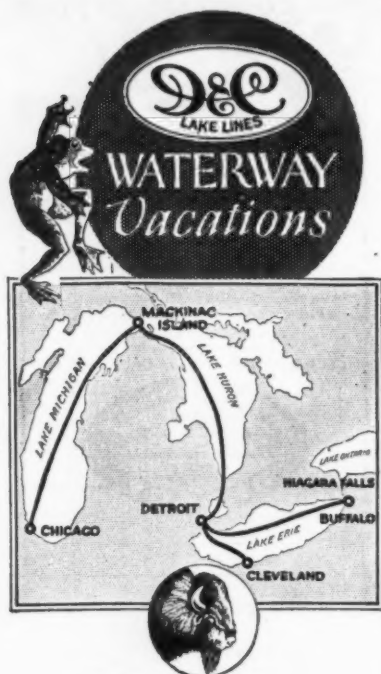


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(Continued from page 31)

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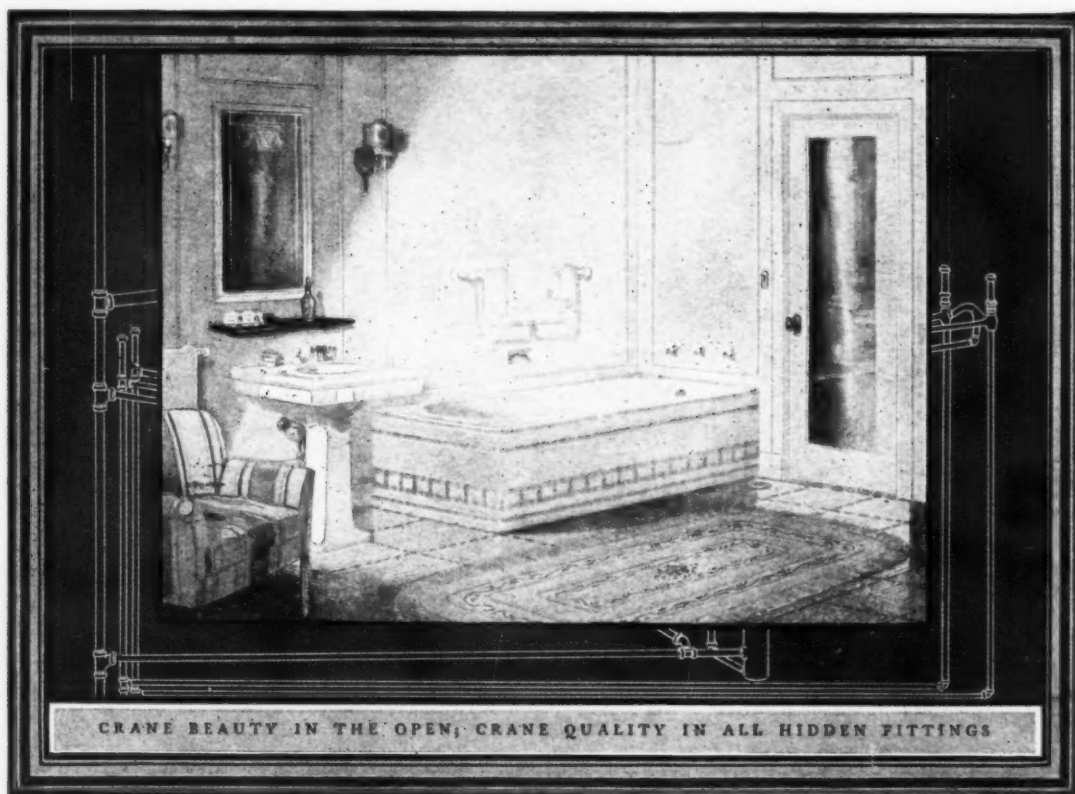
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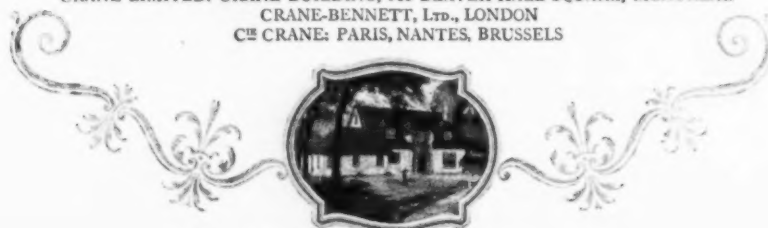
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